

"THE STORY OF OUR LIVES FROM YEAR TO YEAR"

ALL THE YEAR ROUND

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PHOEBE: GIRL AND WIFE.

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CHAPTER XXX. PHOEBE FINDS A FRIEND.

TOWARDS evening, as Tom Dawson was sauntering towards his hotel, he came upon that pleasant nobleman, Lord Garterley, who often "ran over," at a day's notice, to have a week's enjoyment. Here, again, he was pressed to join a "little dinner," which, however, he declined, as he honestly declared later to a friend that "it was absurd going abroad to dine with people whom you could dine with at home any day." He, however, gave Lord Garterley his arm "for half a boulevard or so," during which time, in answer to the friendly question of "How is our little bit of Chelsea at home getting on?" he was able to tell him how matters stood.

"It can't be, and shan't be," said Tom, "and there's an end of it. If it's not given up I'll put it into Viscount Galons' hands, and make it a small-sword business. Men can't shirk out of these things here the way they do in England."

Lord Garterley listened with much interest, and declared that he would do his best to co-operate. "I am staying at the Bristol also," he said, "and can put in my word."

On parting, however, with his friend, Lord Garterley grew thoughtful, and a smile came upon his large mouth. He was rather a humorous old nobleman, and loved what he called a bit of comedy for its own sake. He had nothing to do at that time, and he could not resist carrying out a little scheme that had come into his head.

That very evening Lord Garterley talked

to Mr. Pringle, whom he found in the most desponding state, and with whom he consoled.

"I confess," he said, artfully, "I did not expect that you would behave in this way to our Phoebe—a charming little creature that might be a duke's wife. You were pledged to her in the most solemn way, and if she withers and pines, and perhaps dies, you will feel—well—more than uncomfortable. It seems like a moral murder."

"But what am I to do?" said the other, piteously. "Every one wants to force me into this business; my own people—and this—this—"

"This tremendous family, you would say, who are not to be trifled with physically? I must say people rather wonder at your taste. This woman—for she is no girl—who has been offered to half a hundred men, would throw you over to-morrow if something better offered. In fact, I believe at this moment they would be glad to put you aside for another person, whom I know pretty well."

Mr. Pringle listened eagerly, and with some wonder, at these promptings. Again he asked what was he to do? how was a man to act, worried and persecuted in this way on all sides?

"Do?" said Lord Garterley; "why, are you not pledged to this young girl? You must do the right thing, of course. I will be glad to help you if I can."

The good-natured old lord had taken a prodigious fancy to Phoebe, and had actually formed a hazy notion of putting her down in his will for a small legacy—a plan he was always forming with respect to his temporary favourites, and which amused him; so, after walking about

the gay streets for some time with a smile, he came to a certain resolution. In his early days he had been an attaché in this very city, and had acquired a taste for treating ordinary social matters with a diplomatic finesse; and now he was not disinclined to see if his old talent had rusted. "I'll try it," he said to himself as he entered the Bristol, and, to the amazement of the Baddeleys, with whom he had been on the coldest terms, paid them a visit. There was a twinkle in his eye that might have been taken to mean mischief.

He was received with genuine welcome, for he was associated with a cherished pursuit. Without much preface, he entered on the subject of the marriage, in a gay, good-humoured way that hovered between jest and earnest. He was full of compliments to the bride.

"Ah!" he said suddenly, "what an inconstant young lady. My poor nephew—no one thinks what is become of him. But I suppose that is an old story now."

The future bride cast down her eyes and tried to look embarrassed.

The mother shook her head; then added, in a mysterious half-whisper, "The poor child," she said; "it was a great, a terrible struggle."

Lady Baddeley here worked the portable signal-post with which she communicated with her daughters in presence of company, and the young ladies retired.

"Poor Jack will take it to heart, I am sure," he said. "You know I always opposed the matter for reasons of my own. But now that the thing is settled I may say I admired his constancy, and I declare I don't know but that in time he might have softened me."

Lady Baddeley started, and felt a sort of pang at her heart. She then began to be very confidential with her visitor—there was a time when she used to call him "my dear creature"—and with an overpowering confidence began to pour out all her difficulties and distresses, saying that poor Florence was distracted and scarcely got any sleep of nights, that she was being sacrificed, that poor girls must be married, and were not entitled to have any feelings. Then she went off into some artful inquiries as to the lover: where was he? what was he doing? &c. But the old peer could not be got to say more than that it was a pity that young people could not be happy in their own way; and that he didn't know but that in

time he might have been glad to see any young folks made happy.

When the lover arrived on his "parade" visit he was astonished to find the results of this call exhibited a little curiously. The family were rather silent. The effect of his own difficulties had been to make him moody and "put him out." He was, in fact, all the time casting about in his mind for some opportunity of expressing discontent with things in general. Indeed, as we have seen, the family, once the matter had been finally arranged, began to treat him with a friendly brusqueness and lack of ceremony which he did not relish. Lady Baddeley had at once proceeded, with the slang phrase of her own son, "to come the mother-in-law," which she did with a power that there was no resisting. She quite put him aside, and outside of her arrangements.

On this occasion the floor of the saloon at the Bristol was covered with open trunks, from which materials of dresses overflowed. One of Mr. Wörth's agents had just gone away, and indeed the family were embarked on the anxieties and troubles of ordering a complete trousseau from that artist. The cost of this luxury the Baddeley family would be quite unequal to discharging; but the lady had required that a large sum in hand, under the denomination of outfit, should be handed over to the young people. After they were once married, as Lady Baddeley remarked, it did not much matter, as of course the young man must pay for them, if the account was not discharged before.

"Now, my good friend," said her ladyship, "what do you want? Don't you see we are up to our eyes in work? You are only in the way here."

In his present mood he did not relish this tone, and answered, "When these things will have to be paid for, you will be perhaps glad that I should be in the way."

The answer was an amused stare.

"Why, of course. I suppose you would wish your wife to be properly dressed? By the way," and Lady Baddeley only thought of the idea that instant, "we may have to put off the wedding. Nothing is ready, and it will take weeks to get things into order."

Here was a reprieve. But he was in ill-humour. This was a cavalier mode of doing things without consulting him, as though he were a mere cipher.

"You seem to settle all these things any way you like," he said. "All my

arrangements are made; I cannot be running about the Continent this way, backwards and forwards. It's really most——"

"It can't be helped," said the lady, shortly. "You mustn't lose your temper about trifles, or you will make Florence's life unhappy. But, at any rate, that's settled, and you must not worry us now."

When Mr. Pringle was alone, and in the street, the sense of his indignities worked on him; and in the evening he made his appearance again, having prepared some speeches of the most cutting description, this contemptuous setting him aside rankling very deep in his breast. But at the same time it suddenly dawned on him that here was a prospect of release from all his embarrassments. Thus the subject of his wrongs might be fairly developed into a coolness or quarrel; and he might be so much hurt and offended, as to find sufficient ground for withdrawing altogether. Flushed with this idea, he returned.

"I have come," he said, "to say that I don't understand all this chopping and changing about. It's really not respectful to me. It would really be better, if you are not satisfied with the affair, to——"

"To what?" said Lady Baddeley, turning the full grenadier front upon him, and fixing him with her eye of battle.

Mr. Pringle did not relish the challenge, so he shaped his phrase, "Oh, to settle it one way or the other."

The lady looked at him as though he were a child, and then said, soothingly, "Now don't talk nonsense, but go and take Florence for a walk."

That lady had a very disagreeable promenade. The fact was, at that moment, a letter was being written to a confidential agent in town, who was to seek out, and sound the former pretendant; and thus something tangible might be arranged. But the lady who was conducting the intrigue knew too well the comparative value of lovers in the hand, as compared with those in the bush; and from previous skirmishes, in which she had had the worst, she also knew that Lord Garterley could be as diplomatic as herself. She was determined that there should be no rupture of the present arrangement until the new one was perfected. Nothing, however, could be done with Lord Garterley, and nothing more decisive extracted from him than what he had said on the first visit. Yet nothing could induce her to commit herself, as he wished her to

do, by declaring that she would break off, or wished to break off, with the Pringles. The whole was certainly a rather cynical specimen of the principles that directed this family.

Meanwhile matters were to be very much complicated by the sudden arrival of the old lover, a Mr. Melville, who, to the great embarrassment of the family, flew to the Bristol Hotel, and was there discovered by the regular fiancé on one of his parade visits. It would require something approaching to genius to keep two salmon in play without breaking one line at least; and this was akin to the feat that Lady Baddeley was called on to perform. The poor, devoted Phœbe, far away in her lonely London rooms, little imagined of what a tangled intrigue she was the centre.

When the new-comer had gone, Mr. Pringle testily asked who he was, and, with some infatuation, the too crafty lady, taken by surprise, declared "that it was only an old friend." He was somewhat pertinacious, when he was answered, "Really, you are very curious. One of the girls' partners—there." Unfortunately he met Lord Garterley within an hour or two, to whom he mentioned that he had left Mr. Melville with them.

"What!" cried the peer, in genuine astonishment, "they have got him over, have they? Well, I declare, after that!"

He then asked the young man, "Was it possible he did not know of the transaction?" and with much enjoyment proceeded to put him in possession of all the facts of the curious incident.

Mr. Pringle hurried back, burning with eagerness to test or catch the family in a trap, for his, as will have been long since seen, was a mind of a very petty description. There was something malicious in his eyes that might have warned the party that mischief was coming. He brought the subject about again in a rather clumsy fashion that might have warned them of the danger.

"Your friend," he asked, "what has become of him?"

It was seen that he was suspicious, and the junior ladies fell eagerly to soothing him.

"I see," he said, artfully smiling, "a partner at the balls."

"Exactly," said the youngest, who had latterly grown alarmed at certain symptoms of instability she had observed, "only a ball-room acquaintance—there."

"I see," he said; "so that's the story, is it? I'm to be humbugged and hoodwinked in this style. But I know more than you think I do."

"Oh!" said the eldest, desperately trying to repair the situation, "he means Mr. Melville—your old beau, Florence."

"That won't do," he said, scornfully, "though very clever, as you think. I have no confidence in what you say. It's most disrespectful to treat me in that style."

At this juncture arrived Lady Baddeley, as it were charging to restore the day so hopelessly compromised by her girls.

"Oh! what nonsense you go on with!" she cried; "we are not going back into all that. What if he were an old lover?"

"What! You suppressed all that from me?"

"Florence, darling, he is jealous already! You ought to be flattered, darling."

"Oh! that is very clever, but it won't do. You are now trying to catch him, and keep me on at the same time."

"Keep you on? Sir, are you not the affianced husband of my daughter?"

"But I give it up. I break it all off now. After being deceived in this way, I would not wish to be connected with you. Mind, it is all at an end now, I give you notice."

Lady Baddeley actually laughed. "This is very droll," she said, "but in very bad taste. It won't succeed. Though you may not know your own mind with other people, that won't do with our family."

But he had his back to the wall, as it were, and could be defiant.

"But it must do!" he said. "I have made up my mind. You deceived me, and did not tell the truth when I asked you; and now you are trying to keep me and this other man on together. I know the game."

Lady Baddeley turned pale—the first time for many years.

"Leave our room, sir!" she said. "This is now become a matter for my lord to deal with."

Mr. Pringle had thus burned his boats; and, packing up his things, fled, rather ignominiously, it must be said, from Paris.

CHAPTER XXXI. "HE COMETH NOT," SHE SAID.
WITHIN a week the fashionable newspapers had the story—mysteriously veiled, as is their wont, though everyone could understand. Everyone agreed that the Baddeleys had been "infamously treated," though everyone seemed to find more amusement

than sympathy in this adventure. Many thought it "uncommon good," and really enjoyed the fact that the family should have met with such a repulse. Nothing indeed more awkward could be imagined, or more damaging to the prospects of the girls, whose remaining chances, like the Sibyls' books, became more precious in an increasing ratio as the preceding ones were destroyed, and as the time for action grew shorter.

Now the rescued Mr. Pringle was back in London—free, emancipated. Yet such was his fitfulness and uncertainty, that he almost at once began to doubt whether he had not been too hasty. The advantages began to present themselves in a very tempting way. There was the connection—an earl's son-in-law. The good society and the dignity of the wife—Mr. and Lady Florence Pringlesounded very melodiously. In fact he was the most purposeless, irresolute, undisciplined of beings; a perfect creature of impulse, a miracle of helpless indecision. Nearly everyone, however, after balancing between two courses, always reverts with regret to the one rejected as being, after all, the most advantageous. In the same degree, too, as he thought of the flattering intimacy with the Baddeleys thus rudely terminated, Phoebe and her surroundings seemed to become invested with a certain homeliness and even squalor. In short he was wretched again, and did not know what to do.

But when he arrived at the Berkeley-square mansion, and had to confront his family, the scene was of the most stormy description. All the worst passions were roused, and Sam Pringle's rage was beyond bounds. "Cur, hound, low puppy," were the epithets launched at the head of his son; for Sam had grown insolent with the possession of money and estate, and tyrannised over all about him, save, perhaps, the butler (from Lord Mount St. Michael's) and the housekeeper. Their presence, economy of words, and, perhaps, contemptuous indifference, awed him.

The son bore these attacks sulkily, with such answers as that he "was old enough to do as he liked."

"Then you may get as old as you like, and do as you like, you low whelp, you! But you shan't have my money or estates to do as you like with. You like to grovel in the mud. You were always low. I'll be respected. I'll have my wishes carried out. Breeding up paupers, indeed!" Then in a low, soft voice, "What is it, Batts?"

The butler from Lord Mount St. Michael's was standing at the door, not apparently listening, though, as it were, accidentally present at this unbecoming scene.

"About the dinner to-day, sir," said Batts, respectfully.

"Yes, Batts, by-and-by. There, I dare say Batts, who has lived with the best families, has never heard of such a thing in all his experience—eh, Batts?"

"Oh, I say, I don't want the opinion of a fellow like that," said the young man, angrily.

The butler from Lord Mount St. Michael's was in an awkward position between the compliment on one side and the insult on the other. But he disposed of the matter with dignity:

"I ain't in your service, sir," he replied, "so take no notice of the remark. By-and-by you will learn to be less free with your 'fellers.' Ten or twelve to dinner, sir?" He then retired.

"Now look here, sir," said Sam Pringle, "if there be any of the old game with that woman Dawson and her chit of a girl, I'll make an example of you. You may both go begging, or sing ballads about the streets, before you get a farthing from me. You shall do as I like, or——"

The young man dutifully said that he would do as he liked. And thus the edifying controversy went on, old Sam Pringle being one of those weak but noisy persons who think that to have the last word, or to cause their guns to make more noise than those of the enemy, amounts to victory.

All this time Mr. Pringle kept putting off that visit to Phoebe, which he felt that he ought to make. It was certainly awkward, as he hardly knew what to say. That little heroine had now become associated with all that was disagreeable and annoying. He vowed to himself that, if he ever were extricated from his amatory difficulties, he would keep clear of flirtation for the future.

During these days Phoebe had been hoping, wondering, and, it must be said, beginning to pine, for the conviction was coming home to her that she had been deserted and forgotten. Her mother's collection of artifices and excuses had been exhausted day by day, as no news came from Tom, who never wrote to his relations; and the poor child was now so agitated and flurried, that she determined for once to act independently, and discover for herself the true state of things. It was with this view that she began to send

out and purchase those papers of fashion to which her mother had purposely discontinued subscribing, and began to search those abundantly-communicative chronicles for what would be interesting to her.

Her mother was lying down in the room next the drawing-room, taking her fore-dinner nap, when she was aroused by a cry, and, rushing in, found her daughter with the fatal newspaper in her hand which announced the arrival of the Baddeley family at the Bristol for the purpose of celebrating the marriage of the Lady Florence Croope with Alfred Pringle, Esq., &c. For the next week or two broughams dark and shining were drawn up in front of the house, Mrs. Dawson, when her child was concerned, always turning on the medical relief in gushing streams, as it were.

The illness was not of a serious kind; it was the shock that affected the slight and tender Phoebe. It was as though she had received some knock-down blow; and, when she began to recover, she felt like one stunned. Her anxious mother, who was as impulsive as one of the lower Celts in the great cities, did not think so much of the child's illness as of vengeance against the cause of it, and filled the air with angry denunciations. In vain she despatched telegrams and letters to Paris, imploring for some information. The letters were unopened, for Tom, knowing the "governess's" handwriting, as usual, putting off perusal. The telegrams, too, which he expected were on racing matters; when the name of Phoebe met his eye, he assumed them to be "more of the governess's bothering;" and they met the same treatment. When Tom, therefore, returned at his own time, he was met with a tearful and reproachful greeting.

"Why didn't you come? Why didn't you write? Poor, darling Phoebe has been at death's door."

"How was I to know?" was Tom's plain answer. "But it's all right. The match is off."

"What!" cried the delighted parent. "Do you mean with the Baddeleys?"

She knew enough of Tom's rather incoherent way of mixing up sporting matters with other subjects to put this question.

"Yes," said her son; "I told you I'd do it. So out with your fiver."

"God bless you, Tom! What news! But we must be cautious in telling her. And how did you manage it?"

"But hasn't the fellow been here?" said Tom. "I hope he's not still shirking. No matter, I'll send him up."

Then Tom proceeded to unfold what had occurred—very modestly, too—as though it were merely the result of natural causes; and he wound up with the declaration:

"I declare, I wouldn't have him at any price; for of all the poor, pitiful curs I ever met with, he's one. He don't know his own mind for two minutes together. You can turn and drive him like a spaniel."

"That's no matter," said the delighted mother; "you're the cleverest fellow in the world, Tom, and I'm proud of you."

The matron, later on, proceeded to the delicate task of breaking the news to Phoebe, which she did with much skill—throwing a sort of haziness over the Baddeley engagement, as though it had been all the time something unfinished and incomplete; bursting into praises of the young man whose constancy had been invincible, and who had, at last, when driven to the wall, as it were, burst loose and set father, mother, and all the Baddeleys at defiance. Here he was now, returned, and ready to cast himself at her feet. What loving girl could resist this picture! The colour came back to Phoebe's cheeks even as her mother talked. In the familiar phrase, all was forgotten and forgiven.

The lover, to use a title of pure courtesy, was, as we have seen, not exactly in a mood that corresponded with these sentiments. He was being goaded to distraction by the reproaches of his parents and the coarse vituperation of old Sam. His mother, however, who had prudence, had now reached the stage when she begun to think whether the mischief could not be repaired to some extent. After all, the Baddeleys were sensible people, and would do anything to repair a scandal, and patch up the damage which the family's social reputation had sustained. She therefore began to think whether negotiations could not be opened with this view—even a rush to Paris by that night's express was in her mind. But in the midst of the debate the distracted young man found the inflexible Tom beside him, whom he had now begun to regard with the feeling which Frankenstein entertained towards the monster he had created—it really approached hatred.

"What do you want with me now?" he cried impatiently; "I can't see you."

Tom put his arm in his, and called a hansom cab.

"You have not been to see Phoebe," he said, "and you here so long! Why, what a weathercock you are."

"Oh! I am no child or schoolboy to be lectured and bullied in this way," he said.

"Do you suppose I can put up with this?"

"The poor child has been near dying," said Tom, gravely, "owing to your behaviour. That's not like a child or schoolboy. Come, I don't want to bully you, as you call it. But you shall come off and see her."

"I can't now," said the other, doggedly.

"Now look here," said Tom, slowly, "do you see those two men there, Hodgkinson and Pratt-Hawkins?—if you don't come, they'll have a story to tell that will be all over the clubs before two hours." There was a pause. "Come, my dear fellow. Get in, there's a good lad. It's only a visit of charity."

Thus pressed, Mr. Pringle did get in, and the hansom cab drove off.

Tom was an invaluable brother, and it was a pity that the Baddeley girls had not such a relative to protect and forward their interests; but, unfortunately, with all his sagacity, he did not stop to reflect that a man thus "driven" was not likely to prove the most amiable of companions to the person who was forced to accept him. He made no account of the humiliation and mortification which this compulsion would inflict on the victim of it, and on the danger to which it hereafter exposed the poor and helpless Phoebe. As it was, Mr. Pringle could only look for satisfaction to the future time, and might have used an expression of Molière's, "You would have it, George Dandin," though he was not familiar with the writings of the great humorist. With a person of resolute will able to do battle for herself, this would have made little difference, but with one like Phoebe the prospect was of the most disheartening kind. Luckily that gay and careless nature did not forecast any such trouble.

FOUR CHAPTERS ON LACE.

CHAPTER III.

HISTORIANS and bibliographers—the romancists and Dry-as-Dusts of Laceland—have had many a hard fight over the comparative antiquity of needle-point and pillow-lace. The slender texture of actual fact has been filled in with flowers of con-

jecture, until the seeker for truth stands aghast at the mass of conflicting testimony. So far as can be ascertained, the origin of the two manufactures—destined to become closely united—was quite independent. Point sprang from the “laciis,” and was simply a development of early needlework, while pillow-lace grew from the old art of “*passementerie*”—the art and mystery of making edgings and trimmings of woollen and silk, gold and silver, linen and cotton—surviving to our own day in the form of gold and silver lace, and the curious worsted trimming which adorns the coat of “*Jeames*” and the hammer-cloth of his master’s carriage. In Italy and France one of the principal ingredients of trimming, like the haberdashery or curtain laces of the present day, was the “*guipure*,” or gimp, defined as a cord, or thread, of gold, silver, or woollen, strengthened and stiffened by another thread wound tightly over it. From this manufacture arose that of the pillow or bobbin-lace, carried to high perfection in Flanders and Italy, and imitated in other countries with greater or less success. The enormous cost of needle-point lace has, in all times, restricted its use to the very rich; while the pillow-lace, from its more rapid manufacture, has been spread over a far wider area. The method of making bobbin, or pillow-lace, is so well known that it hardly needs description. On a revolving cylinder, forming part of a cushion, the pattern is pricked out with innumerable pins, around which the workwomen twist the threads rolled upon the bobbins. These bobbins were originally sometimes of bone, whence the absurd term “bone-point,” applied to raised Venetian and Spanish lace; but latterly they have been almost invariably made of wood.

Wherever the art of making bobbin-lace was invented, Flanders is unquestionably the country where it has reached the highest perfection. The old Flemish pillow-laces are of great beauty. One description, with a ground-work like the famous “*réseau rosacé*” of Alençon, is called *Trolle Kant*, a name rendered in our lace counties as *Trolly*. It has already been mentioned that in French works the term “*Angleterre*,” as applied to lace, signifies the beautiful products of Brabant. Its application came about in this wise: In 1662 the English Parliament—like Colbert at a later date in France—became alarmed at the sums of money spent on foreign lace, and, desirous to protect the

English lace manufacture, passed an Act prohibiting its importation. In those days the science of political economy did not exist, and politicians groaned over money “going out of the country.” This appeared an unmixed evil to Colbert, who established prohibitive duties and created a new industry to prevent it; and we find comparatively recent writers complaining that, in 1768, England received from Flanders lace-work to the value of a quarter of a million sterling, to her “great disadvantage.” Now the court of the Merry Monarch required fine lace, much finer than that produced in England, and a difficulty arose as to the supply. To meet it the English lace-merchants invited Flemish lace-makers to settle in this country, and there establish their manufactures. Not being “nursed” by royal hands, like the Alençon venture, the English scheme proved unsuccessful. England did not produce the necessary flax, and the lace made was of an inferior quality. This was unfortunate; for Rochester and Buckingham, Killigrew and handsome Jack Churchill, not to mention my Lady Castlemaine, absolutely required lace. When people like Lady Castlemaine want anything their wants are generally supplied, and so it fell out in the case under consideration. Lace must be had; but how? The mercantile mind was equal to the emergency. English gold purchased the choicest laces in the Brussels market, which were then smuggled over to England, sold under the name of “point d’Angleterre,” and re-smuggled into France. That the business was pretty extensive may be gathered from the account of the seizure made by the Marquis de Nesmond of a vessel laden with Flanders lace, bound for England, in 1678. The cargo comprised three-quarters of a million ells of lace, without enumerating handkerchiefs, collars, fichus, aprons, petticoats, fans, gloves, &c., all of the same material. At a later period much lace was smuggled into France directly from Belgium by means of dogs trained for the purpose. A dog was caressed and petted at home; fed on the fat of the land; and then, after a season, sent across the frontier, where he was tied up, half-starved, and ill-treated. The skin of a bigger dog was then fitted to his body, the intervening space being filled with lace. The dog was then allowed to escape and make his way home, where he was kindly welcomed with his contraband charge. These journeys were re-

peated till the French custom-house officers, getting scent of the traffic, brought it to an end. Between 1820-36 no fewer than forty thousand two hundred and seventy-eight dogs were destroyed, a reward of three francs being given for each. These dogs were of large size—great poodles, for instance—and able to carry from twenty to twenty-six pounds. They also conveyed tobacco, as the Swiss dogs are said to smuggle watches.

The finest Brussels lace is made in the town itself. The productions of Antwerp, Ghent, and other localities are very inferior, excepting only the little town of Binche. Within the last quarter of a century the manufacturers of Brussels have set themselves seriously to work to imitate "point d'Alençon," and their efforts have been crowned with such success as to threaten the parent industry with extinction. "Point gaze," nearly but not quite identical in appearance with its French progenitor, can be produced at about two-fifths of the price. For example, the finest Brussels point, made entirely by hand, and therefore by no means a cheap production, may be worth six pounds per yard, while Alençon of the same width and workmanship would cost fifteen. Brussels point has attained extraordinary perfection in raised flowers with loose petals, and in butterflies, whose wings, being almost detached, add greatly to the beauty and curiosity of the work. No horsehair is used in "point gaze"—an advantage so far as wear and tear is concerned, as it often shrinks in washing; but for all this the same effect is produced as by the Alençon method—that is to say, the same effect at a distance of three feet from the eye; but very close inspection fails not to reveal the greater fineness and more minute finish of Alençon work. Something might—not long since—have also been said as to the superior elegance of the French designs, but this advantage is now hotly contested by the adventurous Belgians, who employ designers without regard to cost.

The workers are women and children, from the age of seven upwards. A large number of nuns follow this delicate industry, the "output" of fine lace from the Belgian convents being very large. It may be imagined that—as it would take one person between thirty or forty years, or about an average working lifetime, to make a complete "garniture"—this costly lace is made in small pieces divided among a number of workers. Both flowers and

ground are produced by hand. The flowers are done in plain clothing and Brussels stitches, one part of the leaves being executed in close, and the other part in more open, tissue. By thus nicely graduating the density of the fabric the pattern is brought into relief, and by skilful arrangement of airy tissues, effects of singular boldness may be produced. The sections of work are now joined together by a skilful hand. Three lace-makers are required to make "point gaze"—the "gazeuse" to make the flowers and the groundwork, simultaneous operations; the "brodeuse" to fix the "cordonnet" for the relief-work; and the "fonceuse" to make the stitches for the open-work. These workwomen earn from a shilling to half-a-crown a day, and it takes a squad of three nearly a month to make a yard of "point gaze" two inches in width.

A superb example of this choice work gained the first prize at the Vienna Exhibition. It is a complete "garniture," consisting of a large half-shawl, seven yards of flouncing eighteen inches wide, a berthe, lappets, parasol cover, fan, and handkerchief. The "garniture" occupied a dozen skilled lace-makers for three entire years, and cost forty thousand francs. The design and execution are of extraordinary beauty. Bold groupings of flowers are executed with marvellous delicacy of shading; but perhaps the most remarkable feature of this fine work is the raised or double work shown in the roses. The petals are partially detached from the body of the work, and give a startling verisimilitude to the hand-made flower.

Other Brussels laces are of mixed manufacture—that is to say, the flowers are made on the pillow, and then incorporated in a groundwork made by the needle. Of this mixture of "point" and "plat," the "point de Medici" is a very successful example. The laces called "point de Flandre," "point duchesse," and "point de Paris" are really not "point" at all, being made on the pillow. Another inferior kind of lace is that known as "point appliqué," which is purely and simply a cheap imitation of a superior class of work.

The thread used in Brussels lace is of extraordinary fineness. It is made of flax grown in Brabant, at Hal and Rebecq-Rognon. Flax is also cultivated solely for lace and cambric thread at St. Nicholas, Tournay, and Cambrai. The process of steeping principally takes place at Contrai, the clearness of the water of the Lys rendering it peculiarly fit for that purpose.

The finest quality is spun in dark underground rooms, for contact with the dry air causes the thread to break. It is so fine as almost to escape the sight, and the feel of it as it passes through the fingers is the surest guide. The spinner closely examines every inch of the thread, and when any inequality occurs, stops her wheel to repair the mischief. Every artificial help is given to the eye. A background of dark paper is placed to throw out the thread, and the room so arranged as to admit one single ray of light upon the work. The life of a Flemish thread-spinner is unhealthy, and her work requires the greatest skill; her wages are therefore proportionably high.

As in the case of other laces, two sorts of ground are found in old Brussels lace, the "bride" and the "réseau;" but the "bride" was discontinued as much as a century ago, and was then only made to order. Sometimes the two grounds were mixed, as were needle-work and bobbin-work, on the same piece of lace. The "réseau" was made either by hand or on the pillow. The needle-ground is superior to that made on the pillow; it is worked in small strips of an inch in width, joined together by the "assemblage" stitch, long known only to the workers of Alençon and Brussels. Since machine-made net has come into use, the needle-ground is rarely made except for royal trousseaux. The tulle or Brussels net is made of Scotch cotton thread, as are now all but the very finest laces. The needle-ground is three times as expensive as the pillow, but it is stronger and less apt to unravel when broken, because the needle is passed four times into each mesh, whereas in the pillow-ground it is not passed at all. The needle-ground is easily repaired—the pillow is difficult, and always shows the join. There are two kinds of flowers—those made with the needle and those made on the pillow. The best flowers are made in Brussels itself, where they have attained a perfection in the relief (*point brodé*) unequalled by those made in the surrounding villages and in Hainault.

Second only to Brussels as a city of Laceland, is, or rather was, Malines or Mechlin. The lace made under the shadow of the great cathedral with the musical carillon is not grand, it is not ambitious in design, but it is the "prettiest" of all laces, deliciously delicate, transparent, and effective. The flower is formed by a flat thread, which gives it the character of

embroidery on a transparent ground. Unfortunately for the prosperity of its native place, Mechlin is of all laces the easiest to copy in machine-made lace, and, since the introduction of bobbin-net, has almost disappeared. A slight revival, however, in favour of "right Mechlin," has taken place quite recently. Its great merit is its lightness and adaptability to the requirement of the dressmaker. It was never at any period accepted as a "serious" lace, as a "*dentelle de grande toilette*," but its delicacy was excellently suited for ruffles, cravat, and jabot, and the thousand-and-one applications of "quilling," now known as "*plissés*," to the feminine toilette. In 1699, when the prohibitive law of 1662 was removed, Mechlin lace became the rage in England. Queen Mary had worn it for years before, and Queen Anne followed her example by laying in a tremendous stock. George the First wore a Mechlin cravat, and the Regent Orleans and his rouds indulged in a profusion of the airy fabric. Lady Mary Wortley Montague wrote:

With eager beat his Mechlin cravat moves—
He loves, I whisper to myself, he loves!

Somewhat akin in style to Mechlin is that very beautiful and singularly durable pillow-lace, known as Valenciennes, the manufacture of which has curiously enough been, during the present century, transferred from France to Belgium—the former country being the largest purchaser of the imitations of her own ancient manufacture. The peculiarity of the fine old Valenciennes is the startling solidity with which the pattern of flowers and scrolls, in the style of the Renaissance, comes out from the clear ground. In the first three-quarters of the last century, the lace trade of Valenciennes employed many thousands of people, but when lace ruffles and monarchy went out of fashion together, the ancient city of French Flanders declined until, in 1851, only two members were extant of the old lace-making population. Like Malines, Valenciennes is entirely made upon the pillow, but differs from it in being composed of one kind of thread for the pattern and the ground. The city-made Valenciennes was remarkable for its solidity. Beautiful and everlasting pieces of Valenciennes became heirlooms in great families, and represented very considerable sums. Arthur Young tells us that, in 1788, "Lace of thirty or forty lines breadth, for gentle-

men's ruffles, is nine guineas an ell." The quantity required for a lady's head-dress might cost any price, from a hundred to a thousand guineas. The lace-makers were mostly young girls, for the very simple reason that their sight began to fail at about thirty, and they were perforce compelled to give up an industry which brought them the magnificent remuneration of twenty or thirty sous a day. The labour of making "*vraie Valenciennes*" was so great, that while the Lille lace-makers could produce from three to five ells a day, those of Valenciennes could not complete more than an inch and a half in the same time. Some lace-workers only made half an ell in a year; and it took ten months, working fifteen hours a day, to finish a pair of men's ruffles—hence the costliness of the lace. The old Valenciennes of 1780 was of a quality far superior to any made in the present century. Not only the rich, but the comparatively poor, were great customers for Valenciennes. The peasants of the surrounding districts, and of distant Normandy, laid by their earnings for years to purchase a real Valenciennes cap, which, of course, would last for life.

The laces of Lille and Arras, pretty as they are, found little favour among the great ladies of olden times, who classed them contemptuously as mock Valenciennes, and the fabric of Bailleul came under the same category. Formerly a great deal of black lace was made at Lille, but in recent times the productions of Chantilly and Bayeux have taken the lead in this important industry.

Of the early lace manufacture of England but little is known. Shakespeare, in *Twelfth Night*, alludes to bobbin-lace thus:

The spinsters and the knitters in the sun,
And the free maids that weave their threads with bone.

Again, Mopsa, in the *Winter's Tale*, says:

You promised me a tawdry lace;

and Spenser, in the *Shepherd's Calendar*, has:

Bind your fillets faste,
And girde in your waste,
For more fineness with a tawdry lace.

The last quotation seems to indicate that the word lace, in connection with tawdry, signifies a string to lace up the bodice, which had been blessed at the shrine of Saint Etheldreda, whose name is said to

be the derivation of tawdry. Southey wrote, "It was formerly the custom in England for women to wear a necklace of fine silk, called tawdry lace, from St. Audrey (Etheldreda). She had in her youth been used to wear carcanets of jewels, and being afterwards tormented with violent pains in the neck, was wont to say that Heaven in its mercy had thus punished her for her love of vanity. She died of a swelling in her neck. Audrey was daughter of King Anna, who founded the Abbey of Ely."

Either this is fanciful, or Spenser did not know what he was talking about, a point which may be left to the decision of the reader. Queen Elizabeth owned far more cut work than lace, properly so called, which only came into fashion towards the end of her reign. The portentous ruff worn by that great queen was a development of the small plain Spanish ruff introduced into England in the reign of Philip and Mary. The art of starching, though known in Flanders, did not reach England till 1564, when the queen first set up a coach. Her coachman, one Gwyllam Boenen, a Dutchman, had a wife, a priceless creature, who understood the art of starching, of which the queen availed herself, until the arrival some time after of Madame Dinghen van der Plasse, who, with her husband, came from Flanders "for their better safeties," and set up as a clear starcher in London. "The most curious wives," continues Stowe, "now made themselves ruffs of cambric and sent them to Madame Dinghen to be starched, who charged high prices. After a time they made themselves ruffs of lawn, and thereupon arose a general scoff or byword that shortly they would make their ruffs of spiders' webs." Mrs. Dinghen took pupils, charging them four or five pounds for teaching them to starch, and one pound for the art of seething starch. The nobility patronised the Dutchwoman, but the commoners looked askant at her, and called her famous liquid "devil's broth." The explanation of the eagerness with which Queen Elizabeth adopted the ruff, and increased its size, is not far to seek. Her majesty, alack! had a "yellow throat," and was determined that the white throats of fairer dames should be carefully concealed. Although she wore a three-piled ruff herself, and compelled the ladies of her court to do the same, she by no means extended the privilege to her meaner subjects. On the contrary, she selected grave citizens,

and placed them at every gate of the city, to cut down all ruffs which exceeded a certain prescribed width. Her own ruffs were made of cut work, gold, silver, and precious stones. The author of the *Anatomie of Abuses* was furious against ruffs. "They are either clogged with gold, silver, or silk laces of stately price, wrought all over with needlework, speckled and sparkled here and there with the sunne, the moone, the starres, and many other antiques strange to behold. Some are wrought with open worke donne to the midst of the ruffe, and, further, some with close worke, some with purled lace so closed and other gew-gaws so pestered, as the ruffe is the leest parte of itself." He points out the dangers to which the wearers were subjected: "If Eolus with his blasts, or Neptune with his storms, chance to hit upon the crazie barke of their brusd ruffs, then they go flip-flap in the wind like ragges that flie abroad, lying upon their shoulders like the dish-clout of a slut. But wot ye what? The devill, as he, in the fulnesse of his malice, first invented these greate ruffes," and so on. A more gentle satirist—Taylor, the water poet—says:

Now up aloft I mount unto the ruffe,
Which into foolish mortals pride doth puffe.

And Dekker protests against "Your treble-quadruple Dædalian ruffs, or your stifleneeked Rebatoes, that have more arches for pride to row under than can stand under five London Bridges." During the reign of James the First bishops thundered against the ruff, but in vain; for we see them of the finest Gothic-patterned lace in every picture and on every monument. "Fashion," preached John King, Bishop of London, "has brought in deep ruffs and shallow ruffs, thick ruffs and thin ruffs, double ruffs and no ruffs. When the Judge of quick and dead shall appear, He will not know those who have so defaced the fashion He hath created." It is not quite clear what the bishop meant by this; but there is no mistake about the sermon of the Bishop of Exeter, Joseph Hall, who, little thinking that lace-making would find employment for the women of his diocese, thundered against the new abomination in this style: "But, if none of our persuasions can prevail, hear this, ye garish popinjays of our time! If ye will not be ashamed to clothe yourselves after this shameless fashion, Heaven shall clothe you with shame and confusion. Hear this, ye

plaster-faced Jezebels! If ye will not leave your daubs and your washes, Heaven will, one day, wash them off with fire and brimstone." These ruffs must have been very costly, for twenty-five yards of "fine bone-lace" were required to edge a ruff, without counting the ground, composed either of lace squares or cut-work. The yellow starch, introduced by Mrs. Turner, to give—like the coffee-grounds of a later period—a rich hue to the lace and cut-work of which ruffs were built, scandalised the clergy terribly. The Dean of Westminster went so far as to order that no lady or gentleman, wearing a yellow ruff, should be admitted into any pew in his church; but, finding this "ill-taken" and the king "moved in it," he backed out of an awkward position, and ate his own words handsomely. The satirists fired their shots at the yellow ruffs, both in England and in France. Here it was objected that the price of eggs would be raised, as "ten or twenty eggs will hardly suffice to starch one of those yellow bandes;" and in France, that the new English fashion would make saffron so dear that the Bretons and the Poitevins would be obliged to eat their butter white instead of yellow, according to custom. The idea that the Overbury murder and the hanging of Mrs. Turner at Tyburn, put an end to the fashion of yellow ruffs is erroneous. It depends solely on a passage in Howell's *Letters*, which is a mere "shot" at random. In actual fact, yellow ruffs and bands were worn and preached against for at least ten years after Mrs. Turner was executed. This is demonstrated by the frequent allusions to the yellow bands worn by English folk up to 1625—the falling band itself not having come into wear till 1623, whereas Mrs. Turner was hanged in 1615. The ruff went quite out soon after the death of James the First in 1625. His son is represented on the coins of the first two years of his reign in a stiff-starched ruff, but in the fourth and fifth, the ruff is unstarched, falling loosely on his shoulder, and was soon replaced by the falling band. Probably the ruff was retained by the king on state occasions for some years after the gallants had deserted it—for the judges wore it as a mark of dignity, until it was superseded by the wig. The noblest kind of lace was worn during the reign of Charles the First, but suffered an eclipse during the Puritan period, so far as the male sex was concerned. The sour-visaged

saints wore only a "plain band," but their spouses were not quite so simple in their tastes, and scrupled not to wear "lace to their smocks." Ladies wore, in place of the ruff, a "whisk" or gorget of the richest lace. Gentlemen soon forsook the falling band—entirely too graceful and rational to last long in fashion. As the great perukes of Charles the Second's time fell over the shoulders, the collar was first hidden and then transmuted into a cravat, the long ends of which could be seen hanging down in front. As in France, so in England lace was profusely worn. Queen Mary favoured the introduction of the high Fontanges head-dress, with its piled tiers of lace and ribbon, and the long hanging "pinners" celebrated by Prior in his Tale of the Widow and her Cat.

He scratch'd the maid, he stole the cream,
He tore her best laced pinner.

The head-dress of the next reign is excellently described by Farquhar. Parley says: "Oh, sir, there is the prettiest fashion lately come over! so airy, so French and all that! The Pinners are double ruffled with twelve plaits of a side, and open all from the face; the hair is frizzled up all round the head, and stands as stiff as a bodkin. Then the Favourites hang loose upon the temple with a languishing lock in the middle. Then the Caule is extremely wide, and over all is a Cornet raised very high, and all the lappets behind."

The Flanders lace-heads the "engaging" sleeves or ruffles, and a dress frilled and flounced all over, caused a lady, in the language of the Spectator, to "resemble a Friesland hen." Lace was then, as always, costly. Queen Mary's lace bill for the year 1694, signed by Lady Derby, Mistress of the Robes, amounted to nineteen hundred and eighteen pounds. In the following year her husband's account was even larger, exceeding two thousand four hundred pounds.

REST.

LOVE, give me one of thy dear hands to hold,
Take thou my tired head upon thy breast;
Then sing me that sweet song we loved of old,
The dear, soft song about our little nest.
We knew the song before the nest was ours;
We sang the song when first the nest we found;
We loved the song in happy after-hours,
When peace came to us, and content profound.
Then sing that olden song to me to-night,
While I, reclining on thy faithful breast,
See happy visions in the fair firelight,
And my whole soul is satisfied with rest.
Better than all our bygone dreams of bliss,
Are deep content and rest secure as this.

What though we missed love's golden summer time,
His autumn fruits were ripe when we had leave
To enter joy's wide vineyard in our prime,
Good guerdon for our waiting to receive.
Love gave us no frail pledge of summer flowers,
But side by side we reaped the harvest-field;
Now side by side we pass the winter hours,
And day by day new blessings are revealed.
The heyday of our youth, its roseate glow,
Its high desires and cravings manifold,
The raptures and delights of long ago,
Have passed; but we have truer joys to hold.
Sing me the dear, old song about the nest,
Our blessed home, our little ark of rest.

SOLDIERING IN INDIA.

SOLDIERING in India and soldiering in England are very different matters. It is true that the objects of keeping up an army are the same in Asia as they are in Europe. To repress foes, internal as well as external, and to preserve peace by being prepared for war, are the reasons why armies exist in every part of the world. But it is the inner life of the soldier himself which is so very different in the East to what we are accustomed to in the West. Of late years immense care has been bestowed upon the health of the soldier, and the authorities study the best way of keeping him out of mischief. There was a time—not so very distant: we speak of some ten or fifteen years ago—when both the soldier's going to India, his first sojourn there, his subsequent march up-country, and his after residence with his regiment, were, one and all, left almost to chance. He was usually embarked at Gravesend or Queenstown; the ship in which he went to India was a sailing-vessel, and took from ninety to a hundred and twenty days to reach Bombay, Madras, or Calcutta. When the troops reached the port of destination and were disembarked, little or no control was put upon them. They were left to roam in the native bazaars as much as they liked; their heads were no more protected from the sun than they would be in England; and, what between the heat, the arrack they drank, and the unwholesome fruit they ate, a detachment was considered lucky if, after a fortnight's sojourn in one of the Presidency towns, it did not leave, at least, ten per cent. of its number in the hospital, and three or four per cent. in the graveyard. The march up-country was conducted on very much the same principle. The men had to toil on foot some ten or fifteen miles a day; had to take their chance of healthy or unhealthy country; were always able to procure unhealthy fruit, and still more un-

healthy spirits; and the consequence was that the great main routes in India, over which European troops marched, were marked at every halting-place by a very large collection of soldiers' tombs.

All this is now changed, and changed immensely for the better. Troops going to India now, all embark at Portsmouth. The five or six troopships destined for the service are some of the finest vessels in the Royal Navy. They are manned, officered, and commanded in the same way as any ship of war. They are lofty between decks, very roomy as to accommodation, and nothing that can possibly conduce to the comfort and health of the troops on board is omitted in their construction and management. Instead of proceeding by sail round the Cape of Good Hope, they go direct by steam through the Suez Canal to Bombay. No matter for what part of India they are destined, the troopships never go to Madras or Calcutta. At the former place the landing is dangerous, and the latter is considered unhealthy for new arrivals from Europe. The troopships proceed up the harbour of Bombay, but the troops are not allowed to land in that town. They are landed close to the railway station, and taken at once up the Ghauts, by rail, to a place called Deodally, which is some six hours distant from the capital of the western presidency. At Deodally the climate is as healthy as in England, the site being some five or six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The new barracks built there are spacious and lofty, and here the men lately arrived from England are left to repose themselves for a time, after the fatigues of the voyage. They are then sent on to their several regiments; or, if a new regiment has landed in the country, it is sent up to the north-west, where the climate is less severe than in other parts of India. It is only after two or three years' residence in the East that they are quartered in the more unhealthy stations; and, even including these, the deaths among our English troops in India are fifty per cent. less than they were some twelve years ago. A very great deal of this has been caused by beneficial changes—common-sense alterations, suitable to the country—in the clothing of our troops in India. Flannel shirts; flannel girths; warm clothing for the cool of the morning, and the damps of the evening; and white jackets for the heat of the day, have done much to effect this good. But most of

all has the white pith helmet—now universally worn by every English soldier in India, no matter to what arm of the service he may belong, or no matter what his rank—worked for good in the sanitary condition of the troops. In fact, so great has been the change, so few the cases of sunstroke, since this head-dress has been adopted, that we almost wonder why it was that the change from the shako did not take place many years ago. Experiments have been tried by exposing one of the white helmets, now worn by the troops in India, as well as one of the shakos which were formerly the regulation, to the full glare of a midday sun, and placing a thermometer under each; and the difference between the two has been, that the thermometer under the helmet was nearly ten degrees lower than that under the shako. It follows, then, that for upwards of a hundred years, in India, we were actually exposing our men to ten more degrees of heat on the brain than we need do. After this, let us not laugh at the blunders committed in clothing by any other nation in the world.

But dress has not been the only cause of the immensely improved state of health now prevalent among our troops in India. The better style of barrack which they now inhabit has also had a great deal to do with it. Formerly, barracks in India were hot-beds of sickness. They had no upper story, were badly drained, and so low in the roof that, after thirty or forty men had slept in one of the rooms all night, the air became simply pestilential. Add to this the effect of bad drains, or, rather, of no drainage at all; of an utter want of amusement or occupation during the long hot hours of the day, when the men were unable to go out; and a free access, for such as had money, to the deleterious native liquors sold in the bazaars; and it is not to be wondered at if our European garrisons in the East were as if instituted solely for the purpose of filling the burial-ground. At many of the stations, where European troops have been, it is pitiable to count the gravestones indicating the number of some regiment that lies buried there. Thus at Kaira, not far from Baroda, the Seventeenth Light Dragoons, now the Seventeenth Lancers, buried, in the course of about twenty years, upwards of a thousand men, the number of men in the regiment at no time being more than twelve hundred. At Meerut, in the north-west provinces, if the dead

of the Third Buffs and the Eleventh Dragoons could rise from their graves, there would be an increase of some eight or nine hundred to the strength of the army. And yet neither of these regiments were quartered more than ten years in the place; nor should it be forgotten that this has ever been one of the most healthy stations in India. At Kurnaul, too, a station some hundred and twenty miles to the north-west of Meerut, the Third Dragoons and the Thirteenth Light Infantry lie in their graves by hundreds; and at Surat, during the first two decades of the present century, the Fifty-fifth Regiment must have buried itself nearly twice over. In short, go where we will among the old stations of India, we find the same testimony borne to the immense number of men we lost, until we were sensible enough to discover that prevention was better than cure, and to act upon the discovery.

Amusement, education, and occupation have also had a vast deal to do with this improvement. In every station there are rooms where the soldiers can assemble to read the papers and books, play chess, draughts, or dominoes, and amuse themselves like rational beings. Gymnastics are greatly encouraged. Prizes are given for the best runners, the best jumpers, and those who can throw the heaviest weights. Education, so far as reading and writing are concerned, is compulsory; and every recruit who joins ignorant of this preliminary teaching has to go to school. The men are also very much more temperate than they used to be; and when they do partake of any stimulants, it is wholesome, sound liquor, furnished by the canteen contractors at a reasonable price, and not the abominable, unwholesome rubbish commonly called native liquor. The white helmets, of which we have spoken before, protect the soldiers' heads greatly from the sun, and therefore admit of the men taking exercise, and being out under the sun at hours when it would not have been possible to do so a few years ago. As an almost universal rule, the man who takes exercise in India has good health, while he who remains at home becomes, by degrees, sickly in mind and in body. Hitherto, or at least until this new head-dress was invented, the soldier serving in India was, from soon after sunrise to near the time of sunset, a prisoner in his barrack-room. If he went outside and faced the glare and

heat of the day, he was pretty sure to be struck down by the sun, and pass a month or more in hospital, with a tolerable chance of either being sent home to England as an invalid, or of having the Dead March in Saul played before him as he was carried a corpse to the graveyard. Like the solving of the problem of how eggs are made to stand on end, the solution of this difficulty was excessively simple. For nearly a century Anglo-Indians wondered why it was that the European officer or civilian, who was out all day in the sun, and who passed the hottest months of the year in tiger-shooting or hog-hunting, always enjoyed the best of health; whereas, English soldiers, if detained half an hour longer than usual on morning parade, or called out an hour earlier in the afternoon, were certain to send a large percentage of their number into hospital. At last, some official who was cleverer than his fellows, bethought himself of the head-dress. An officer, it was urged, who would go into the jungle with a black or dark-coloured cap, or whose covering for the head was not made so as to protect the forehead, the temples, and the nape of the neck from the sun, would have been looked upon as a maniac, and probably restrained as such, if he had not previously fallen ill from brain-fever or sunstroke. Some still wiser man then came to the conclusion that what was good for gentlemen who hunted or shot, could not be bad for their more humble fellow-countrymen. Thus it was that the white helmet was adopted, and that, since then, European soldiers may be employed in India at all hours with almost as great impunity as in England.

It is, however, a strange fact that in England, or in our English dependencies, we seldom improve in one respect without deteriorating in another. As we have already shown, from the time an English soldier leaves Portsmouth until he arrives at his station in the far-off north-west of India, nothing can be better or more judicious than his treatment in every way. But with all this the English army in India, and, for that matter, the native troops also, are less efficient than they used to be some years ago. The reason is simple enough. We have increased the number of regiments in the East, and we pay far more attention than we did to the health and well-being of the men; but we have so diminished the numerical strength of each corps, both as to officers and men, that it would almost seem as if our army

in the East were intended for show, and not for use. Formerly, an English cavalry regiment in India consisted of two lieutenant-colonels, two majors, eight captains (besides one captain of the *dépôt* in England), sixteen lieutenants, eight cornets, besides paymaster, quartermaster, and medical officers, with seven hundred non-commissioned officers and privates. At the present day the officers of a cavalry regiment serving in that country are one lieutenant-colonel, one major, six captains, ten lieutenants, and two or three sub-lieutenants. In other words, a dragoon corps in India, when mustered on parade a few years ago, turned out eight strong troops, or four strong squadrons, fully officered; but it can now only muster six weak troops, or three very feeble squadrons, and has rarely three officers per squadron. Of the great blunder committed by this change, there is but one opinion from Calcutta to Peshawur. Formerly, no matter what casualties occurred, whether there was sickness or not in the corps, or whether it had gone through a couple of years' campaigning, there was always a large margin from which to supply officers, men, and horses. At present it is not so, or rather it would not be so if ever we took the field. Nor is it anything but the plain truth to assert that this weakening of the numbers in each corps has caused an immense deal of discontent throughout our English troops in India. Officers cannot get leave of absence as they did formerly, and the men have at least two days' guard, or other duties to perform every week more than they had under the old régime. In the infantry it is much the same; nay, in some instances, as regards garrison guards and so forth, they have nearly double the work of former days. Thus much for the men; for the credit of our arms it would be much different and far more injurious should we ever take the field. It is all very well in healthy quarters—and, comparatively speaking, all quarters in India are now pretty healthy—but what of an unhealthy campaign, or of a period when there were many casualties? The Crimean war taught us a lesson which it would seem we are now beginning to forget—namely, that regiments, weak in numbers, become utterly useless before the enemy after they have been a short time in camp. With that army were sent out certain cavalry regiments, numbering barely two hundred and fifty or three hundred sabres

each. At the battle of Balaklava there was not a regiment present that mustered more than a squadron of a French or Prussian corps would have done; and before the following winter was over, more than one of these regiments could not have mustered a properly mounted sergeant's guard. In fact, in one hussar regiment, it is said that there were more officers than soldiers fit to take the field. But this ever has, and we suspect it ever will be, our crying military sin. We are very wise as to our pennies, but more than foolish as to our pounds. It would seem as if we—or at least those who rule over us—never can see the truth of that wise saying which tells us that to preserve peace we ought always to be prepared for war. Anyone who has been recently in India, and who knows the numerical shortcomings of our troops in that country, must stare at the panegyrics of our Indian army, which appear from time to time in the English press. But it would appear that English journalists, as a rule, have a distaste for figures. Were it otherwise, the real facts concerning the parade before the Prince of Wales at Delhi, in January last, ought to have opened their eyes. To bring men to this display of our army, the greater part of the Punjab and the whole of the north-west provinces were denuded of troops. Nominally, the numbers present were very large; but in reality, as the official returns of the day showed, we mustered not more than seventeen thousand five hundred men; and this in spite of the fact that there were present four regiments of hussars, eight or ten batteries of artillery, some fifteen or sixteen regiments of European infantry, and two score corps of native cavalry and infantry. In short, the parade at Delhi, which was looked upon as the parade of the whole English army, actually mustered fewer men in the ranks than an individual French or German corps *d'armée* would have done!

Nor should it be forgotten that, in India, war and rumours of war are by no means unknown, more especially at the present day. Small campaigns with native chiefs and refractory rajahs appear, so far as it is possible to judge, to have come to an end. A battalion or two at Baroda; a couple of brigades at Hyderabad, and about the same number of troops at Lucknow, are all that appears to be required to keep refractory native states in order. But if we read between the lines

of almost every official document that appears in India, or if we interpret all those documents by the movements of troops, the construction of military railways, and every kind of preparation for the future, we cannot but be of opinion that there is a cloud of gloom on our north-west frontier, of which the authorities are not a little afraid. In other words, men don't talk of the fact that, year by year, Russia is creeping nearer and nearer towards British India, but they think of it, and think of it with serious anxiety. Very few years hence, even if we are not actually at war, our forces will be so divided in watching an enemy from without and in guarding ourselves from an enemy that is within—an enemy that would take advantage of our exterior embarrassments as surely as the sparks fly upwards—that we shall need every soldier, every rifle, and every sabre we can muster in India. Surely, then, it is not merely worth while to increase our army to an efficient standard while we are at peace, but it is our absolute duty to do so. It is the simple and plain truth to say that, so far as regards numbers, our Indian army, English as well as native, is utterly unfit for the defence of our Eastern empire. Nor ought we to omit a very significant fact—namely, that the natives of India, and particularly those who inhabit the Punjaub and the north-west, some few years ago, regarded any chance of a Russian invasion as an utter myth. But of late years they have, to a man, changed their opinion, and look forward to the advance of that enemy on our frontier as merely a question of time. Surely it behoves us to take as much advantage as we can of the time we have still before us.

PRISON-BREAKING.

CAPTAIN ARTHUR GRIFFITHS, when appointed four years ago Deputy Governor of Millbank Prison, was placed in possession of the official records of that establishment. Among those records are accounts of certain remarkable escapes, which he has incorporated in his recent history of the building. Millbank Prison, as most of us know, stands on what used to be the dismal marshy Tothill-fields, near the Westminster end of Vauxhall-bridge. It was for thirty years a penitentiary; but

during a later period of about equal length it has been a veritable prison, generally containing many clever rascals up to all the dodges of possible escaping.

One night, the rooms of three of the officials were found to be stripped of a quantity of wearing apparel. A patrol, going his rounds, saw two men getting over the garden wall, by the help of a white rope made of yarn used in some of the working rooms. He shook the rope; the men fell, but quickly rose again, knocked him down, and ran off in the opposite direction. The alarm being given, governor, chaplain, surgeon, steward, and helpers hastened to the spot. They found, not only the white rope, fastened to the top of the wall by a large iron rake twisted into a hook, but also another rope depending from one of the loopholes at the top of the C tower. The prison consists of several five-sided buildings, surrounding an open court, and having a sort of garden outside them, bounded by a lofty wall; every angle of each building is strengthened with a tower or turret. A hammer, a chisel, other tools, and a large poker were also found. Several bricks had been removed from one side of the loophole, leaving a space wide enough for one person to creep through. Some prison clothing lay hard by. A skeleton key, made of pewter, was found to open many of the officers' bedroom doors; while other false keys had been used to open the prisoners' cell doors. The rogues were recaptured in the garden.

A prisoner named Cummings one night broke through the ceiling of his cell, and traversed the roof along one side of his pentagon or block of buildings. He was not so crafty as most of his fellows, for he had provided no means of descent.

More expert were seven prisoners, who, through some gross mismanagement, had been placed in a large room having no bars to the windows. They cut up their blankets into strips, made ladders of them, climbed out upon the roof, descended to the garden, and raised a heavy ladder against the outer wall. All escaped—though only to be recaptured afterwards.

Three men, confined in one cell, made a large aperture in its floor, concealing the gap during the daytime by a covering of pasteboard. The cell was on the ground floor; and the men, night after night, descended through the aperture into a vault beneath, where they worked away against the wall of the building. They

also, at other hours of candlelight, prepared three suits of clothes from their towels, made a rope ladder, and improvised tools of various kinds. But their ingenuity was frustrated by detection, when they had pierced about three-fourths through.

Three prisoners, located on the ground-floor of one of the pentagons, gradually and cautiously removed the ventilating-plate which communicated with an air-shaft; they descended through the shaft into a cellar, where there was a party-wall pierced with openings barred by iron gratings. They removed these gratings, and issued out into the garden, where, as it was summer-time, thick vegetation afforded them shelter for awhile. In the evening a gentleman gave an alarm that he had seen two men climbing over the boundary wall. The birds had really emerged from their cage, and had flown.

Pickard Smith was the most troublesome inmate ever honoured with a residence in Millbank prison, in the old days when it was a penitentiary. He defied and derided everybody, from the governor and chaplain down to the keepers and patrols. He was in the place over and over again, the result of new committals for new crimes. One morning his cell was found empty; and inside the door was chalked this doggerel rhyme:

London is the place where I was born;
Newgate has been too often my situation;
The Penitentiary has been too often my dwelling-
place;
And New South Wales is my expectation!

(Botany Bay penal settlement was one of the institutions of those days.) When the circumstances came to be closely inquired into, it was found that "The mode of escape was most ingenious, daring, and masterly, though the prisoner was only eighteen years of age; there was a combination of sagacity, courage, and ready resource, indicating extraordinary powers both mental and bodily." Smith had secreted an iron pin used for turning the handle of the stove-ventilator (the handle not being wanted or used in summer-time), and with this he made a hole in the brick arch which formed the roof of his cell, scraping and loosening until the hole became large enough to admit his body. The pin, a hook, and a short ladder made of shreds of cotton and coarse thread, enabled him to climb through the hole he had made in the roof or arched ceiling of his cell; he crept along the space between the cell-roof and the outer

slated roof; then, finding a place where the battens were sufficiently wide apart to admit his body, he broke away a few slates, and emerged on the top of the building. Then came the descent, for which he had made ingenious preparations. The prisoners received their clean clothes on Saturday evenings, and the warders were late in entering the cells on Sunday mornings; he selected his time accordingly, especially as the dirty clothes were not taken away till Monday morning. One Saturday night, when his store at hand comprised two shirts, two pairs of stockings, two handkerchiefs, a round towel, blankets, and rugs, he attired himself in a clean shirt, and cut up all the other articles into strips, which he tied or sewed end to end. Thus provided, he made his way out upon the roof, through the openings he had made, fastened one end of his patchwork rope to a rafter, slung himself down to the sill of the attic window; and so, stage by stage, to the second story, first story, and terra firma. His rope was not in one long piece, but in four sections for the four stages of his descent, fastening them in succession to the bars of the windows. His difficulties were not yet over; he had still to scale the boundary wall. Much rebuilding and repairing were going on in the garden, and much building material was lying about. First he removed a long and heavy ladder from the scaffolding, and dragged it to the iron fence of a small burial-ground separated from the garden. Finding he could not raise it to the full height of the boundary wall, he availed himself of two planks, lashed them firmly together with a piece of rope he espied near at hand, made an inclined plane up which he walked or crawled to the top of the wall, drew up his double plank after him, and by its aid made his final escape down the outside of the wall.

A few words more concerning this clever scamp. A bribe from the police tempted some of his "pals" to betray Pickard Smith, and he was once again made an inmate of Millbank. Once again did he become a torment to everybody. If he were kept with other prisoners, he taught them to be as insubordinate as himself; if he were kept by himself, he planned schemes for another escape. After some time, this reckless specimen of a bad lot (nearly all his relations had, one time or other, been transported) was detected just on the eve of another evasion. The screws

in the windows of his cell were found to have been taken out; his rug and blankets had been torn up into strips of such width as would be strong enough for a descending rope; and between his stockings and the soles of his feet were pieces of flannel, in one of which was a small piece of iron, taken from one side of his cell window, ingeniously formed into a kind of pick-lock. In what way these articles were to be used, timely frustration prevented him from showing. The governor recorded in his official book that flogging had been useless with this incorrigible fellow; handcuffing led to such a clattering of iron against wood and stone as to disturb the quietude of the whole place; while expostulation and threat were equally without effect. The governor went so far as to beg the Secretary of State to take Smith away, as being better fitted for a sternly-guarded prison than a mildly-governed penitentiary. "As to corporal punishment, he has already experienced it very severely, without any beneficial effect. His knowledge of the localities, and the present unsafe condition of the premises, will breed perpetual attempts, however unsuccessful, to escape." This desperate character eventually came to a bad end, as may reasonably be supposed.

Although Pickard Smith was the *bête noir*, the most bewildering and troublesome of all the prisoners the place has ever had, the hero of Millbank, it appears, was "Punch" Howard, who effected his escape in a manner to this day almost inexplicable. This man was a criminal of a deep dye, who had escaped from Newgate and from Horse-monger-lane. Millbank was to be a place of temporary incarceration to him, preparatory to transportation. He was placed in a cell at the top of a part of the building then used as an infirmary, but nowadays known as the E Ward. The window of this room was long and narrow, the lengthwise horizontal. Three feet of length or width had nothing special about it; but a height of only six and a half inches was, as we shall presently see, the great marvel of the enterprise. The window revolved on a horizontal bar as an axis, riveted into the stone-work at the jambs. Howard managed to secrete one of the dinner-knives with which the prisoners were in those days supplied, and to convert the blade into a rude saw by hammering the edge on the corner of his iron bedstead. That he could secrete a dinner-knife at all, and keep on this hammering without being

detected, shows how ill-organised must have been the establishment at that time.

And now let us accompany Punch Howard in his marvellous escape. How a full-grown man contrived to wriggle himself out of such an opening is so inexplicable that we prefer to narrate it in Captain Griffiths' own words. We may premise, however, that this feat and the Davenport rope-trick may, perhaps, throw some light upon each other, as showing how remarkably the human frame may be temporarily contracted in some parts by the exercise of certain muscles. "As soon as the warders went off duty, and the pentagon left to one single officer or patrol, Howard set to work. Hoisting himself up to the window, by hanging his blanket on a hammock-hook in the wall just beneath, he removed the window bodily; one rivet having been sawn through, the other soon gave way. The way of egress, such as it was, was now open—a narrow slit, three feet by six inches and a half. Howard was a stoutly-built man, with by no means a small head; yet he managed to get his head through the opening. Having accomplished this, no doubt after tremendous pressure and much pain to himself, he turned so as to lie on his back, and worked out his shoulders and arms. He had previously put the window with its central iron bar half in and half out of the opening, meaning to use it as a platform to stand on—the weight of his body pressing down one end, while the other caught against the roof of the opening, and so giving him a firm foot-hold. He had also torn up his blankets and sheets in strips, and tied them together to form a long rope, one end of which was fastened to his legs. He was now half way out of the window, lying in a horizontal position, with his arms free, his body nipped about the centre by the narrow opening, his legs still inside his cell. It was not difficult for him now to draw out the rest of his body; and as soon as he had length enough, he threw himself up and caught the coping-stone of the roof above. All this took place on the top story, at a height of some thirty-five feet from the ground. He was now outside the wall, and standing on the outer end of the window-bar. To draw out the whole length of blanket and sheeting-rope, throw them on to the roof, and clamber after, were his next exploits."

Punch Howard is now on the roof of one of the pentagon blocks of building;

but he does not remain there long, his plan having been already arranged for a descent into the garden. "This garden was patrolled by six sentries, who divided the whole circuit between them. He could see them as he stood on the roof. He took the descent by degrees, lowering himself from the roof to a third-floor window, from third floor to second, from second to first, and from the first to the ground itself. The back of the nearest patrol was just then turned, and Howard's descent to terra firma was unobserved. Next moment he was seen standing in his white shirt, but otherwise naked, among the tombstones of the Penitentiary graveyard, which is just at this point. Concluding he was a ghost, the sentry (as he afterwards admitted), turned tail and ran, leaving the coast quite clear. Howard was not slow to profit by the chance. Some planks lay close by, one of which he raised against the boundary wall, and walked up the incline thus formed. Next moment he dropped down on the far side, and was free. His friends lived close by the prison, in Pye-street; and within a minute or two he was in his mother's house, got food and clothing, and again made off for the country."

All his marvellous ingenuity, however, was of little avail to Punch Howard; he was recaptured by a man as clever as himself, although in a different kind of cleverness. As a specimen of hunting the hare, we will briefly describe the exploit.

On the morning when Howard's escape was discovered, Dennis Power, a warder in that part of the building, recollected that Howard, when brought to Millbank, had been accompanied by a companion criminal named Jerry Simcox. Going into the cell where Simcox was located, Power cautiously opened his eyes and ears to any facts that might furnish a clue. Simcox, after declaring admiringly that Howard could get out of any prison in England, unguardedly let drop the information that the hero had an uncle working in some brickfields at West Drayton, near Uxbridge. Quickly obtaining ample authority and money from the authorities, Power started off without an hour's delay. Arrived at West Drayton, he bought a suit of navy's clothes from the ostler of an inn, shouldered a spade, went to the side of the brickfield, and entered a small frowsy alehouse hard by. He asked a woman at the bar whether she thought hands were wanted. She looked hard at

him, and told him plainly that he was not what he pretended to be. He took some ale, paid for it, and was then surprised by her saying suddenly, "I'll help you to cop young Punch." She stated that for a long series of years she had been ill-treated by Dan Crockett (Howard's uncle), with whom she had lived as wife or no wife; that he had deserted her for a younger woman; and that she was willing to revenge herself either on uncle or nephew. She warned Power that he must not attempt a capture by daylight, or the reckless brickmakers would pretty nearly "do for him." She pointed out Punch Howard among the men in the field, and Power recognised him in spite of his change of dress. She advised him to come again at night, when most of the men (it being summer weather) slept out upon and among the bricks; to bring some "Bobbies" with him, and capture his prey while asleep. An attempt was made at night to carry out this plan, but Howard could not be identified in the dark without disturbing the rest. Power, therefore, concocted a new scheme. On the next day he hired a good horse and trap at the inn, changed his dress again, and drove to the office of the foreman of the brickfield. The foreman had been a pensioned-off sergeant of police, and, when informed of the facts, readily agreed to assist Power. A lad was sent to ask Dan Crockett whether his nephew would like to earn twelve shillings a week at screening coal-dust. Dan at once sent Punch Howard to the manager's office. The warder, a strong, powerful man, boldly seized him, handcuffed him, lifted him bodily into the trap, mounted himself, and drove off as rapidly as a narrow road would permit. He had enough to occupy every thought and every muscle; for he had the reins and whip in his right hand, his left arm tightly clasped round Howard's neck, and his left hand gagging the criminal's mouth as well as he could. But the gagging was incomplete; Howard shouted and roared; the brickmakers heard him, left their work, and ran up by a diagonal route to intercept the trap as it turned a corner. It was a close shave, that might have been perilous to Power; for the brickmakers were two or three hundred in number; but he had just a minute of time ahead, and reached Uxbridge, where other aid was at hand. The thing was so smartly done, that Dennis Power obtained reward and promotion; until at length he became "Mr. Power,

chief warder of Millbank," at the time when Captain Griffiths wrote his book.

Two remarks suggest themselves in connection with these escapes. One is that we must all regret to see so much misapplied ingenuity. Pickard Smith, Punch Howard, and the like, had had little or no chance of becoming honest men. Born and bred among thieves and rogues, they had been almost as familiar with crime as with their daily food. At war with society, yet were they full of tact and shrewdness that might have benefited themselves and others if properly directed. Another remark is that, on the authority of Captain Griffiths, such escapes are now almost impossible from our well-conducted prisons; moreover, it is noticeable that, even in the past days of Millbank, every one of the escaped prisoners was recaptured sooner or later.

GRIFFITH'S DOUBLE.

BY MRS. CASHIEL HOEY,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE OF CARDS," &c. &c.

BOOK V. LADY OLIVE DESPARD'S STORY.

CHAPTER IV. RAILWAY READING.

"I ANTICIPATED with pain my next meeting with Griffith Dwarriis. His conduct, as I divined that conduct to have been, under the crushing disappointment which had come when hope was so justly high, had increased my good opinion of him, and deepened my pity for him. In all my experience of life there was nothing more rare than for young people to put effectual restraint upon themselves, their wishes, feelings, and impulses, out of consideration for the peace and welfare of their elders, but this rare thing Griffith Dwarriis had done. Would he come and tell me about it?"

"The morning brought me no communication from him, and when I went to the Dingle House in the afternoon to see Audrey and arrange about my journey, I found that Madeleine Kindersley had not been there. She had written the sweetest little letter to Mr. Dwarriis to congratulate him on the joyful news of his niece's safety, but I daresay the letter to Audrey in which it was enclosed was a sad enough document, for Audrey's eyes bore traces of tears. But she said nothing to me, however, except in reference to her cousin's coming, and the preparations which she had already set about.

"They don't includethe "best Brussels,"

Lady Olive,' Audrey said, with a smile; 'and I fear dimity must be substituted for chintz. Wasn't it lucky you did not succeed in inspiring me with an ambition above Kidderminster?'

"She took me to inspect the preparations for her young guest, and I quickly noted that among the small decorations of the pretty room over the porch, with windows framed in greenery, were all the choicest of Audrey's own possessions. Her own pet bookcase, and her own little table, with its quaint bow legs and brass locks and keys—an ancient piece of furniture, black with age, and shiny with rubbing—and a few delicate bits of old china, which had been the pride and glory of her own mantelshelf, were disposed to the best advantage for the beautifying of the room which was to receive the orphan girl. A safe and pleasant haven for the ocean waif would be this simple and pretty room, which had 'home' in its aspect. Would Ida Pemberton appreciate it? Would she discern the care and thoughtfulness, the sympathy and the delicacy which had prompted its arrangements? I thought of the letter which she had dictated, and had my doubts. I feared that the stranger whom these kind people were about to take to their warm and simple hearts was of the cold and hard order.

"We have been obliged to remove the boxes,' said Audrey, 'and to have them stored away in the loft—you remember our wondering what was to be done about them?—because the room they were in must be got ready for Ida's maid.'

"She is bringing a maid, then? How do you know that? Have you heard again?"

"Not at all. Papa concludes that she will do so, or that, if she do not, we must find one for her. And there's trouble in store for me on that score with Frosty. She was exceedingly "sniffy," as Miss Minnie says, about the maid, and uttered many dismal prophecies concerning the mischief-making we may expect. It seems that Frosty holds "uppishness" to be inherent in maids, but my real belief is that the dear old woman is extremely jealous because my cousin is what she calls "grander" than I am.'

"I think it is more than likely Bessy West is her maid, and will come with her.'

"We were standing at the window, and we heard the latch of the gate click. Audrey looked out.

"Oh,' she said, 'there's Clement Kindersley and that horrid man, Mr. Durant.

And they see me; they're raising their hats. I must go down now."

"Then I will go to your father's room. But why do you call Mr. Durant a "horrid man?"

"I don't know," answered Audrey, petulantly; "I don't like him to be such an image of Griffith. It annoys me when people tell me of it."

"Griffith sees the likeness himself, I suppose?"

"Yes. They met for the first time yesterday, and Griffith was amused; but it is a bore."

"We had come downstairs; the two young men were in the drawing-room. I was about to pass on to the adjoining room, but Audrey, whose face lacked its customary brightness, begged me to come in with her."

"I hope they will only stay a few minutes," she said. "I never know how to talk to Clement Kindersley, and I think he has a wholesome dread of you."

"And so you've heard of your cousin, Miss Dwarris," began Clement Kindersley. "I thought I would come and congratulate you. Wonderful piece of luck, really! Madeleine did not seem to know much about it, however—I mean beyond the fact that the ship was burnt, and that your cousin was saved in one of the boats."

"There is not much more to be known," said Audrey, with steady gravity; "and we have to lament the loss of Mrs. Pemberton and her little son."

"Ah yes, Madeleine said something about it. Well, I'm sure I'm very sorry; but everybody can't escape, you know, and it's only fair the young ones should have the chance. Horrible thing, a voyage, I should say; I should hate it myself; shouldn't you, Miss Dwarris?"

"While Clement Kindersley, who looked more than usually pasty-faced, dull-eyed, and ill at ease in the presence of ladies, was talking to Audrey, after this elegant and engaging fashion, I was exchanging a few words with Mr. Durant. I could hardly exaggerate the closeness of his resemblance to Griffith Dwarris; and it had a puzzling sort of effect on me, especially there, in the place where I was accustomed to see Griffith. He was a gentlemanly person, surprisingly so for a friend of poor Clement Kindersley's later choosing, with something in his look and manner suggestive of watchfulness, or perhaps I ought rather to say of observation, not, after all, unnatural or unbe-

coming in a visitor to a strange place. He, in common with everybody in Wrottesley, was acquainted with the matter in which the Dwarrises were at present so deeply interested, and he asked a few pertinent, permissible questions, and would then have dismissed the subject, but Clement Kindersley kept it up. He wanted to know what Miss Pemberton was like, and who her step-mother had been? whether Audrey did not think it was a very good thing the baby did not live, and that all babies were bores? Audrey grew positively nervous under this unpleasant cross-examination, and once or twice Mr. Durant interposed, and tried almost to wrench the conversation in another direction. In vain; his companion would, and did, talk about the Albatross and Ida Pemberton in spite of him."

"I suppose your cousin writes in great spirits?" was one of his questions; at which Mr. Durant looked undisguisedly vexed.

"My cousin does not write at all," said Audrey, shortly; "she is too ill to write."

"Ah, yes; by-the-bye, Madeleine said something about her getting someone else to write. A fellow-passenger, I suppose?"

"We really do not know."

"But you could easily tell, by the list of the saved passengers. There's a list in yesterday's paper. Haven't you seen it?"

"No. We knew who had been saved, and who had been lost, of those we cared for, and we looked no farther."

"Here it is," said Clement, officiously pulling out his pocket-book, and taking from it a slip of printed paper, "and you can find out in a minute who it was that wrote the letter to you. Tell me the name and I'll find it for you."

"The name is Bessy West."

"No such name among the passengers. Here's your cousin's, "Miss Pemberton and maid." The maid's name is Bessy West! There, Miss Dwarris, don't you think I should have made a good detective?"

"I caught a look in Mr. Durant's face, which persuaded me that there was an instantaneous harmony of thought between us, when the notion occurred to me that Clement Kindersley was rather of the material which furnishes employment for detectives. The next moment Mr. Durant glanced at the clock on the mantelshelf and rose."

"I beg your pardon, Kindersley," he

said, 'but I must remind you of our appointment.'

"He then took leave of us, with a manner as unembarrassed as Clement's was awkward, and when the door closed on them, Audrey remarked that it gave her satisfaction to observe that Clement Kindersley's new friend possessed the useful art of snubbing him.

"Griffith and I were to leave Wrottesley for London by the mail-train, and on the following day we were to start on our journey to Plymouth. During that journey we should have plenty of time to talk over all that had happened. It was better that I should see neither Madeleine nor Griffith in the meantime, and I felt sure that Audrey's silence was enjoined by either or both of them.

"We could not fix any day on which my return might be looked for; all that must depend on how I found Ida Pemberton, and on her fitness for a journey. If the illness from which she was suffering should prove to be nothing more than nervous depression and debility, my experience told me that she would speedily rally under the influence of kindness and care, and the sense that she was going home. It was arranged that Griffith should join me at the railway station; and, as I returned to Despard Court, I reflected on the oddity of the situation. He and I had parted with words full of the hope, whose dispersion into thin air was assured by the object of the journey we were about to undertake.

"When I arrived at the Wrottesley railway station, accompanied by my maid, and so moderate a supply of luggage, that any man accustomed to travel with ladies would have felt that Griffith was to be envied, I was surprised to find that my journey was regarded as a kind of event. It seemed to be pretty widely known, thanks chiefly to the gossip of Miss Minnie Kellett, that I was about to do this very simple act of neighbourly kindness to my good friends at the Dingle House, and there was a plentiful attendance of gobsomouches on the occasion.

"I expected to find Audrey with her brother, but I was unprepared for the apparition of Mr. Dwarris, waiting to hand me out of the carriage. Griffith, I concluded, was taking the tickets, as I did not see him for a moment; then I perceived him on the platform, and very lightly dressed, as I thought, for a journey. But it was not Griffith, Audrey explained, with voluble vexation, it was

that hateful Mr. Durant; and she wondered what brought him prowling about there with Clement Kindersley. In another minute Griffith came up to us. His colour changed as his eyes met mine, and he spoke in a hurried voice the ordinary nothings of the occasion.

"We were soon in our places; and Mr. Dwarris, who had previously given me a small packet, which I placed in my travelling-bag, bade me farewell. The train moved out of the station, and we lost sight of Mr. Dwarris and Audrey, but had a later glimpse of Clement Kindersley, who stood at the end of the platform with a vacant grin upon his face, and by his side Mr. Durant. They raised their hats to me as the train glided by the edge of the platform, and Griffith said:

"'Madeleine calls Clement's new friend my "double." I suppose he has taken a fancy to him, on the principle of the lady who said she really could not resist running away with an admirer, because he was so like her husband in his best days.'

"'The likeness is curious, but not so strong when one sees both at the same time. Where did Clement Kindersley pick up Mr. Durant?'

"'In London, I believe. I don't know much about him; but, I believe, the likeness led to the acquaintance. Clement's story is that he saw me, as he supposed, in the Strand; and that he slapped me on the shoulder, and said, "Hollo! Griffith, what brings you here, old fellow?" Whereupon the recipient of his greeting looked at him not over kindly, and informed him that he was mistaken. Explanations and acquaintance followed, and, I presume, each found a congenial spirit in the other.'

"'What is Mr. Durant doing at Wrottesley?'

"'Nothing, I believe. Clement talks very big about him as a young man of fashion and leisure, with a taste for fishing; and that is, literally, all I have heard.'

"Our talk on this indifferent subject had disposed of the first minutes of our journey, and the unsettled sensations which attend a start. My companion had provided for my comfort with all due care. My wraps were carefully disposed, my book and paper-knife at hand; but I had no intention of reading. We were virtually alone, for my maid neither understood nor spoke English, and was already exercising the most powerful gift of sleep

with which I have ever known anyone to be endowed.

"Come," I said, "you know I am most anxious to know how things are. Tell me all about it."

"I will indeed," he replied. "I am sure you know I have only been waiting until the turn of things to be done should be over. It has been "a pull," as Traddles says, for us all—for Madeleine, and Audrey, and myself."

"You have borne it bravely, and Audrey too. So much as that I can see. Tell me about Madeleine."

"He told me. I must not repeat the details of the homely story of hope, disappointment, courage, patience, and true love, the love which might trust and be trusted in the future, because it had been proved to have its roots in honesty and duty in the present. Somehow, I felt, it would come right, it must come right; I could not see how, but I had the strongest faith in the future for these brave young hearts, in their constancy and its reward. It had all happened as I had pictured it to myself. Griffith had gone to Madeleine with the intelligence of his father's accession to fortune, the news which changed the scene for them as effectually as sunrise changes night into day, and she had given him joyful permission to reveal the delightful truth of their mutual love to his father. Mr. Kindersley was not at home that evening, or Griffith thought Madeleine might have been unable to conceal from her father that something of great importance to her had occurred.

"We were spared that, however," he said, "and it is a great deal spared. It was arranged between us that my father was to ask his old friend for his daughter for me. There was no need for me to ask my father what he intended to do for me. The new fortunes and the old would be all alike in that respect. And I was to have seen my father and got him to go to Mr. Kindersley yesterday, and to have seen Madeleine in the evening—you may fancy what castles we had built the evening before—but Mr. Conybeare sent for me early on business (before my father was out of his room), and when I got to the bank, he showed me the paragraph in the newspaper about the Collingwood's having brought passengers saved from the Albattross into Plymouth. Lady Olive, I don't quite know what I felt at first—it was a kind of confusion—the clearest sense in it being that there was something I must

do immediately, and something I must prevent; the clearest feeling in it being one of great thankfulness that my father should not know that the news he had told us, and its reversal, had any extra importance for me."

"He passed his hand wearily across his forehead, and sighed.

"I hope you don't blame me very severely because this was the first effect the intelligence produced on me. In a very short time I was able to rejoice in the safety of my cousin, and to discard the selfish impulse of regret that I had had a vision of fortune for a few hours."

"Had Mr. Conybeare any notion of all this?"

"Not the slightest. My father, as you know, had told him, and consulted him about Mrs. Pemberton's will, and he was much distressed about the unfortunate 'disappointment,' as he called it. I sent a line to Frank Lester, and got him to take a letter to Madeleine for me, for I could not leave the bank when business hours had begun. Frank went round to the Dingle House in the afternoon, told Audrey, who behaved like the good little girl that she is, and found that my father had gone to Despard Court. Frank and Audrey then arranged that Frank should follow him, and set his mind at rest by letting him know that we were aware of the news that had reached him. You know the rest."

"Not all the rest, Griffith. You saw Madeleine that evening; while your father was with me. You and Frank Lester went to Beech Lawn. How was it with her?"

"How is it with the angels, Lady Olive? I believe she is as like one of them as any human creature ever was; I believe they are indeed "her high-born kinsmen." She had no room in her mind for any thoughts but of the rescued girl, no room in her heart for any feeling but joy. She made me feel unutterably ashamed of my want of courage. "Wait and hope" is to be her motto and mine henceforth. When things are all quiet and settled at home, I shall go away somewhere, and seek my fortune; and Madeleine will stay at home and wait for me."

"I could not help thinking, as I listened to Griffith's cheerful and brave words, that Mr. Kindersley would do a wise thing if he disregarded every consideration of interest, and the world's opinion, and gave his daughter without more ado to a

young man who might so well be trusted with her happiness. I thought this quite dispassionately, for in general I am by no means a person disposed to set aside conventional rules, or to advocate exceptional courses. I think society is mostly justified in its demands, and that in the vast majority of cases the world's opinion is right.

"I have been talking things over with Lester," Griffith went on to say; "and he knows a good deal about the outside world, which is so strange to me. The only thing I cannot stand, and must not try, for her sake and mine, is remaining at Wrottesley, in the bank as I am. I have a notion that Audrey and Lester will marry sooner than we hoped. I think that will come out of all these changes; and that I shall be able to reconcile my father to my trying some quite new line, on the natural plea of feeling unsettled."

"And that ever-vexed question—money?"

"That will be easier than it ever has been. Mrs. Pemberton's will confirms my uncle's legacy to my father, and makes a liberal provision for my cousin's expenses until her majority, on the supposition that she will reside with my father."

"Have you any intention, any precise notion, of what you want to do?"

"I am afraid not." For the first time Griffith's face assumed a dreary look. "There is a great restlessness over me. I have begun to feel my captivity, and the narrowness of my cage, and the longing to stretch my wings even for a little."

"Then I will tell you what it is best to do. Let us consult my brother. We shall probably see him at Plymouth; but if not, I will get him to come to Despard Court for a few days. Barr is practical, if desultory, and what he puts his mind to he generally accomplishes."

"It would be very kind of him to interest himself for me."

"He will certainly do so, for my sake, and for your own, and, indeed, for Madeleine's."

"I remembered my own imperfectly-formed schemes for my brother, and thought of the bootless expenditure of poor Mr. Pemberton's ingenuity on a similar project, and took in a fresh lesson upon the contrariness of human destinies."

"Do you know," said Griffith, with a

slightly confused laugh, 'I thought at one time that you would have been glad if—'

"If Barr had liked Madeleine, and she had liked him? You were quite right. But it did not come to pass, or only half of it came to pass, and that in a very safe degree. Can you guess why? Because Barr discovered what I had not suspected, that Madeleine's heart was not hers to give."

"I did not know it then. We both learned the truth during that absence."

"And then Griffith and I talked of Madeleine until we tired of talking, and resorted to our respective books."

"The train stopped at a station within an hour of London, and when we reached it I insisted on Griffith's changing his place for one in a smoking-carriage. When the train moved on again I took out of my travelling-bag the packet which Mr. Dwarris had given me at Wrottesley station."

"It consisted of a thick blue envelope, containing a second, on which was written, in Mr. Dwarris's hand:

"Enclosure No. II., contained in Mrs. Pemberton's letter."

"Read that," Mr. Dwarris had said to me, "and thoroughly master its contents; so that when you return you can advise me in my line of conduct from the beginning. It is better that you should completely understand the position before you see the girl."

"I drew out of the second envelope several sheets of letter paper, closely written over in a distinct and careful hand, and numbered. I settled myself into the corner, adjusted my travelling-lamp, and prepared to read the voluminous document. I was naturally interested in it; the circumstances under which it had been written, the terrible fate of the writer, the purpose of my present journey, all invested it with a solemn importance, which, however, had no conceivable reference to myself. Intimately associated with the circumstances in which my friends were placed, I was absolutely dissociated from them in every personal respect."

"What, therefore, was my astonishment, when, in the course of my perusal of Mrs. Pemberton's confidential communication to Mr. Dwarris, I discovered that I was reading a long missing chapter in the story of my own life."

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